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EDITORIAL

The hangovers from our 40th anniversary have finally subsided, which means getting to grips with the next decade's worth of the world's finest women. It's not rocket science: get Sasha in a teacher's outfit, throw some lezzers into the mix, have Euro sorts like Simony, Ferrara and Sonia flash their bits, unearth another corking Reader's Girlfriend and sprinkle on a scorching centrefold like Kami. Oh, and keep drinking vodka in the work toilets, obviously... ♣

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PAUL RAYMOND
40 YEARS OF CLUB

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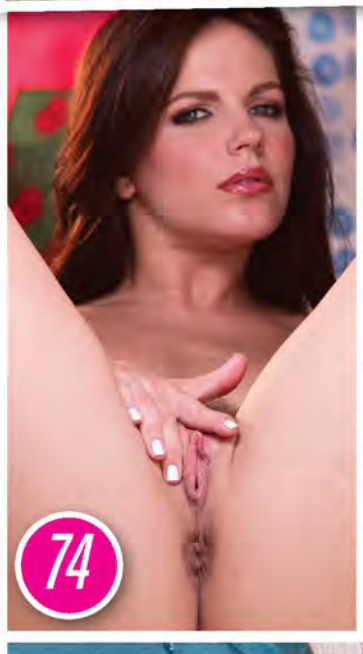

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"FIND OUT IF MY COLLARS AND CUFF MATCH!"
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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
I'm a single girl right now, so to get my jollies I have to resort to diddling myself. Not that I mind that, because if it's just me and my hand, or a vibrator, I can keep the pleasure going all night long and all I'd need is a change of batteries! Very few men could compete with that.

While I'm fingering my pussy, though, I like to think back to past conquests – to men I've ridden to exhaustion and ones who kept me wanting more. When I do that, one man in particular always stands out, and more often than not, I'll bring myself off to thoughts of JD.

When I read a lot of your reader's letters, many of them deal with guys with bigger-than-average packages in their boxers. Now, I like a nice, big cock as much as the next nymphomaniac, but like in Formula 1, it's not all about the vehicle – the driver's got to take his share of the credit as well! And JD was some driver, even though his engine was, how shall I say this, a bit smaller than usual! Well, they do say that good things come in small packages.

JD was a good-looking man, with a confidence in his walk that I found especially attractive. When we first went to bed, though, I was a little apprehensive as his boxers came off because his dick couldn't have been more than five inches long, max, fully erect. But he seemed to read my mind, and he used his fingers and tongue to take me to places I'd never been before.

He gently played with my fleshy fucklips before sliding just one finger into my wet slot; while in there and exploring nicely, he kissed my clit and licked the whole package, which can really make a woman's toes curl – in a good way! He then slid another finger in, and started with a good rhythm, fucking my cunt and playing with my clit.

I hadn't met many men who really knew how to finger-fuck a woman, much less multi-task on the clit as well. But JD knew how to please a woman, and gave me two orgasms on his hand and tongue.

But after that, I needed a good stout fucking, and I had my doubts as to whether he'd be able to deliver. As he lay me flat on the bed and eased a pillow under my arse, I should have known he knew what he was doing; after all, no man had ever previously given me two orgasms before fucking me!

I spread my legs wide and accepted his organ into my hot cunt, and all my disappointments were cast aside. He swivelled and rotated his hips as he screwed me, and that stumpy cock of his found places in me even I didn't know I had! I came and came on his dick, and totally forgot about its size; here was an expert with his cock, who understood women, who knew the interior of a pussy like the back of his hand.

He fucked me doggie-style, bringing me off with the power of his pelvis; he fucked me hard and deep, alternating playing with my clit and tits to keep my cunt soaking wet. He turned me on my side and pressed my legs together, standing next to the bed while fucking me, my thighs putting pressure on my swollen, throbbing clit to match his cock pumping away inside me. He even lifted me up and literally bounced me back and forth on his wonderful cock, swinging me like I weighed nothing at all.

I rode him for a time, too, but all the while, I was thinking how much I wanted him back in the saddle and working his particular magic. I've never felt so perfectly worshipped during sex before or since. JD paid attention to every last part of me, and my whole body was purring

VICTORIA CLUNGE!

Dear Club,
I've got a question that might strike you as a bit strange, but it has been troubling me all week. What happened to the cake from your fabulous birthday cover last month? Did the girls get to eat it, or did they have a messy time with it and you're just being mean by not showing us the photos? And if there's any left, any chance of a slice?
Ramsey, Featherstone

Sorry, Ramsey, it's all gone. The editor snaffled a slice and left the rest to the girls and the photographer. We tried to get the girls to go all messy with the cake but, to be honest, they were too busy eating each other to care about a nice bit of Victoria sponge.

40 & STILL NAUGHTY!

Dear Club,
Congratulations on your 40 years at the top of the magazine game. I'm probably one of your oldest readers and have bought nearly every issue. I know most people look at girls on the internet now, but that just doesn't do it for me, even though I have broadband. I just appreciate the feel of the magazine in my hands as that's the way I discovered glamour girls back when *Club* started out. My regards to the lovely Sasha, by the way. She's magic.
John, Oxford

Thanks for the kind words, John, and we're glad Club has been doing it for you for 40 years. As the editor, I can say I discovered glamour girls through Club as well, which is why I'm so proud to be editing it. And with girls like Sasha popping up, long may it continue!

like a racing bike under the hands of an expert rider. He'd bring me to the point of orgasm then pull back, but had the skill to keep me right on the edge, teasing me but bringing so much pleasure, before letting my orgasm wash over me time and again, each time better, stronger, than the last.

JD fucked me for hours, and I loved every single fucking second of it. I also learned a lot, not just about sex, but also that judging anyone by their appearance doesn't get you anywhere, and it might mean you miss out on a spectacular fuck!
Libby, Market Rasen ♣

PHOTOS: HOLLY RANDALL

SIM TITTY! ♣

Is that corset coming off? Corset is!

Simony, that corset doesn't look very 'quickie friendly'. A man could lose his wood trying to get that off you.

"Ah, but look closer," says the European minx. "It doesn't actually cover anything important. I can pull my skirt up for access to my pussy, and my top down for access to my tits. Perfect!"

Thank fuck for that, we were worried you were going through a chastity belt period.

"You know me better than that, surely! I like fetish wear, but nothing that gets in the way of my sex drive. I'm the kind of girl who needs cock when she needs cock, straight away with no messing around. I can't be waiting around for clasps and buckles and zips and ropes and laces. I just want to part my pussy and stuff a big fat cock deep inside it."

Ah, now that's the Simony we love.. ♣

Simony soaks her digits only at...
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SIMONY

INTERNATIONAL club

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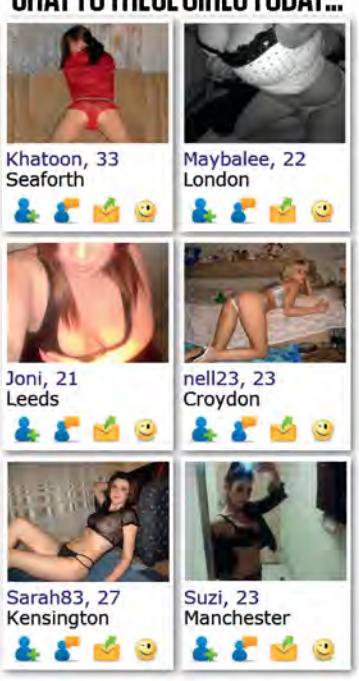

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PHOTOS: AUTOMODELZ

ASHES TO GASHES!

Never mind the cricket, girls...

Aussie hotties Kiki Vidis and Aylin are doing their best to put a brave face on things. But after that Ashes debacle (and in case you missed it, they got beat a millionty to nil by the English), it's proving to be hard for them.

So how do these two Antipodean hotties get over sporting embarassment? By lezzing off in grand style, obviously. How best to ignore the dreadful form of opener Phillip Hughes than sucking on perky tits? Tortured by the memories of Ben Hilfenhaus' pitiful bowling? Fingerfuck your best girl-buddy.

Of course, it's going to take a lot of pussy eating to erase the bitter, bitter agonies inflicted by Ricky Ponting's loss of form, knackered finger and forthcoming enforced retirement. But Kiki and Aylin will do their best to cheer each other up in Australia's direst hour of need. However, someone should tell them we're about to kick their ass in the 20/20 series as well, so they should stock up on lube and dildos. ♣

KIKI & AYLIN

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!

HISTORY OF ART
HISTORY OF ART
HISTORY OF ART
HISTORY OF ART
IF SAW
ACHER
THE

Sasha's Secrets

I must confess, I wasn't the perfect student at school. I was too busy chasing the boys and doing things I shouldn't have been doing!

But wearing these clothes and wielding a cane, I almost missed being in education, and I'm sure I could teach most of you boys a thing or two. Maybe they wouldn't be on the curriculum, but if you'd stay late I think we could find something to study.

I know there's something a little corny about this outfit, but something very sexy too. I love dressing up for sex, especially if there's some role play too. I'm going to be a nurse for you in a few months, but right now I want you to imagine you're in my class, and you've been very naughty... ♣

Dear Sasha

Well, where to start, you look great in your Halloween outfit. If I went down on you, you would not want me to come back up. I would love you to grind your nice, wet pussy all over my face. As for me, I've been a bad boy and am detained in a secure unit. I need punishing – what would you do to a bad boy?

Also, would you be able to send me a pair of your panties?

Richard, Preston

Hi, Richard. Thanks for your lovely letter, but if I was to give a pair of panties to everyone who asked for them, I'd have none left to wear... hmm, there's an idea! Maybe I should set up an online store to sell them? Either way, I hope you haven't been too bad a boy, and hope the next couple of issues get through to you, you'll like them – especially my all-girl foursome next month that gets well out of hand!

Dear Sasha

Last month was an expensive one for me. I made such a mess of the anniversary issue of *Club* – particularly your pages – that I had to go and buy another one for my collection. I don't know whether I wanted to be Kristal or the cake, but I definitely wanted to be involved somehow. Just to say, you're my favourite *Club* regular girl of all time and I hope you stay in my favourite magazine for ever!
Mark, Portsmouth.

I'm sure the editor won't be too upset about you having to buy two copies of Club, but I'm very flattered you gave my photos such close, personal attention. One of the great things about this job is knowing that men are looking at you with their hard pricks in their hands and that gets me wanking like crazy as well!

Write to me at:
Sasha's Secrets
Club International
3rd Floor
207 Old Street
London
EC1V 9NR

SASHA

club's kit bag

The page that's always on standby

Bose Videowave

Panasonic SDR-SW21

Denon AH-NC800

Panasonic SDR-SW21
£200
www.panasonic.co.uk

Let's be frank. If you take a perfect product and add an unnecessary feature, chances are that more than a few of the people with the perfect product will still buy the new version. Which explains much modern technology.

If you're making home videos, do you really need it to be shockproof or waterproof? If so, what the hell are you up to? The only answer we'll accept is that you're knocking around some reef in a snorkel making a film of the fishes. To which we say two things: how lovely and don't bother showing them to us. That said, for £200 or thereabouts this has flash memory, is compact, has a 2.7" LCD screen and 10 x optical zoom. That's the things you really need it for. And filming tramps.

Pros: Good specs at this price point. Waterproof up to five feet.

Cons: Apparently not waterproof at five feet and one inch.

Denon AH-NC800
£250
www.denon.co.uk

Noise cancelling – the holy grail of headphones. If you're a polite human being, you not only don't want to hear dimbo conversations over your music on the way to work, you don't want to inflict your god-awful personal music taste on other people. These Denons don't fuck about on the noise cancelling tip, as we say at *Club* Towers. They use two microphones to cancel signals for just about 99% of all racket going in and out. As a bonus, one AAA battery will give you 40 hours of noise cancelling goodness. Time to pump up that Sven Vath mix CD.

Pros: Pricey cans, but they do the job brilliantly.

Cons: You'll vastly increase your chances of walking in front of a car.

Bose Videowave
£6000
www.bose.co.uk

Despite this being a recession, who honestly hasn't got £6k to burn? Good, that's settled then. Spunking major cash on a big telly is a hard sell when you can buy a 40" LCD in your local supermarket for £300, but this set-up gives you 46", 1080p, a home cinema sound system and some other techy bumf too spoddy to detail. Best of all, there are no clunky speakers for you to dot around – the sound is projected throughout the room and you can control the whole kit with one remote. This'll make your pad look even more futuristic than the one out of that Memorex advert.

Pros: That Bose seal of sheer quality.

Cons: That Bose seal of sheer quality helps to move the decimal point on that price. ♣

PHOTOS: VLT

CUE CUTIE! ♣

Ferrara chalks up another conquest...

When we challenged Ferrara to a game of pool, she told us she'd wipe the floor with us, and we told her to put her money where her mouth is. You can guess the rest.

Luckily for us, Ferrara has plenty of her own money, so she just asked us to pay our debt by saying lovely things about her in *Club*. To be honest, it's not very hard, except it's difficult to know where to start. That radiant smile? Those tumbling curls? That shaved snizz? No, let's start with those incredible blowjob lips. And from what she's told us, they live up to their name. Yup, we haven't got a bad word to say about Ferrara, except that maybe she cheats at pool! ♣

Ferrara revs up and gets rude only at...

www.paulraymond.com/club

FERRARA

CRACK TO THE FUTURE

WE GO BACK IN TIME TO CHECK OUT CLASSIC CLUBS AND THE GIRLS OF YESTERYEAR. JUST AS SOON AS WE'VE FIXED THE FLUX CAPACITOR...

1

she's here to turn you on!

ginny

Hi guys, I hope you're ready to work up a sweat with your willing partner Ginny!

Okay, let's go! I want to feel those bodies stretch and pump in

Photographs by Scott Evans

HATS OFF TO PHILIPS...

Bored with being a nobody? Well you won't be with a Phillips *Discoverer*!

Not content with producing some of the most exciting electrical goods in the world, those technical whizz-kids at Phillips have come up with the very last word in fancy dress.

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All you have to do is purchase a Phillips *Discoverer* TV helmet and you can be anyone you want to be — on any of four different channels!

The *Discoverer* has all the features of a normal motorcycle crash helmet, but with one cunning — a 14 inch colour complete with volume, brightness, tone and colour.

So when you're tired after a hard night being Mel Gibson and Thora Hird, this hi-tech piece of equipment doubles as an ordinary television set! Amazing! ♣

2

God-Star

On 29th March 1990 David Icke visited a medium and faith healer. What happened that fateful day and over the following months was to change the course of his life forever. The former Coventry goalkeeper, Green Party spokesman and television personality found himself on a wondrous and incredible journey of discovery.

Guided by the master soul The Godhead and extra-terrestrials from other dimensions, he went in search of like souls, his travels taking him to Canada, the United States and all over Great Britain, where he spoke to a great number of people about the earth's energy systems.

Now David Icke has chronicled his vast experiences in a sensational new book — *The Truth Chronicles*. Why are we here?. Where are we going? and What happens when we die? are just some of the simple questions that David Icke tries to tackle. While it is certain to cause controversy and upset the established churches, we at Club are not doubting Thomases, and we do not question the truth that Mr Icke has so very kindly given us. We wish him all the luck in the world as he explores the great mysteries of the universe. In fact we have only one query...

WOULD YOU BUY A BOOK FROM A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?♣

33

3

An uplifting experience

If you drooled over *Nine and a Half Weeks*, and ribbled at *Wild Orchid*, hen just wait till you cop a ad of *Last Call*.

The film marks the acting ebut of former centrefold Shannon Tweed. She plays the part of an assistant to a bloke called Jason who's a real bastard. After getting his wicked way with Shannon he dumps her. Now, why anyone would dump someone like Shannon Tweed is beyond us, but she gets her revenge and puts Jason right where he belongs — in the shit.

Last Call, it has to be said, is not the greatest film you'll ever see — watching this big-budget erotic thriller you do wonder whether the money would not have been better spent on clothes for poor Ms Tweed who spends half the film starkers.

No, the amazing thing about *Last Call* is Ms Tweed's breasts which protrude from her body just as much when she's lying down as when she's upright! Yes, Shannon's boobs defy every conceivable law of gravity!

After you've pondered the reasons for this love-pillow levitation, try answering the question below to win a copy of *Last Call* and appreciate those horizontal holders for yourself. The first ten correct entries picked from the bin, sorry, the hat, get a copy of *Last Call*.

The question is: *Who discovered gravity? Was it a) No one, it was always there, b) Kylie Minogue, c) Isaac Newton?*

Send your entries to The Amazing Floating Fun-Bags Competition, Club Internationl, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. ♣

4

1

FIT AS FUCK

Ah, Ginny, time has not dulled our love for thee. Here in 1991 she's making our Editor, then a clueless 18-year-old student, wank himself to a blur with her spurious gym workout and many other readers besides no doubt. We reckon she's still lush now. Come back to us Ginny, we've still got room for you!

2

POLISH YOUR HELMET

The past is a different country, they buy stupid helmet-shaped TVs there. Yes, the 'Discoverer' was covered in this issue, a TV that looks like a futuristic Henry vacuum cleaner but in fact offers 14" of CRT goodness. We're guessing not many women bought these, but they were a big hit with teenage boys.

3

OWN GOALIE

1991 was the year when David Icke turned from being a former goalkeeper with a reasonable media profile to being a man who with opinions about the earth's energy systems, lizards and extra-terrestrials that – shall we put this kindly – stretched incredulity. He's still out fighting the good fight. On behalf of loony conspiracy theorists, mainly.

4

TWEED DUMB

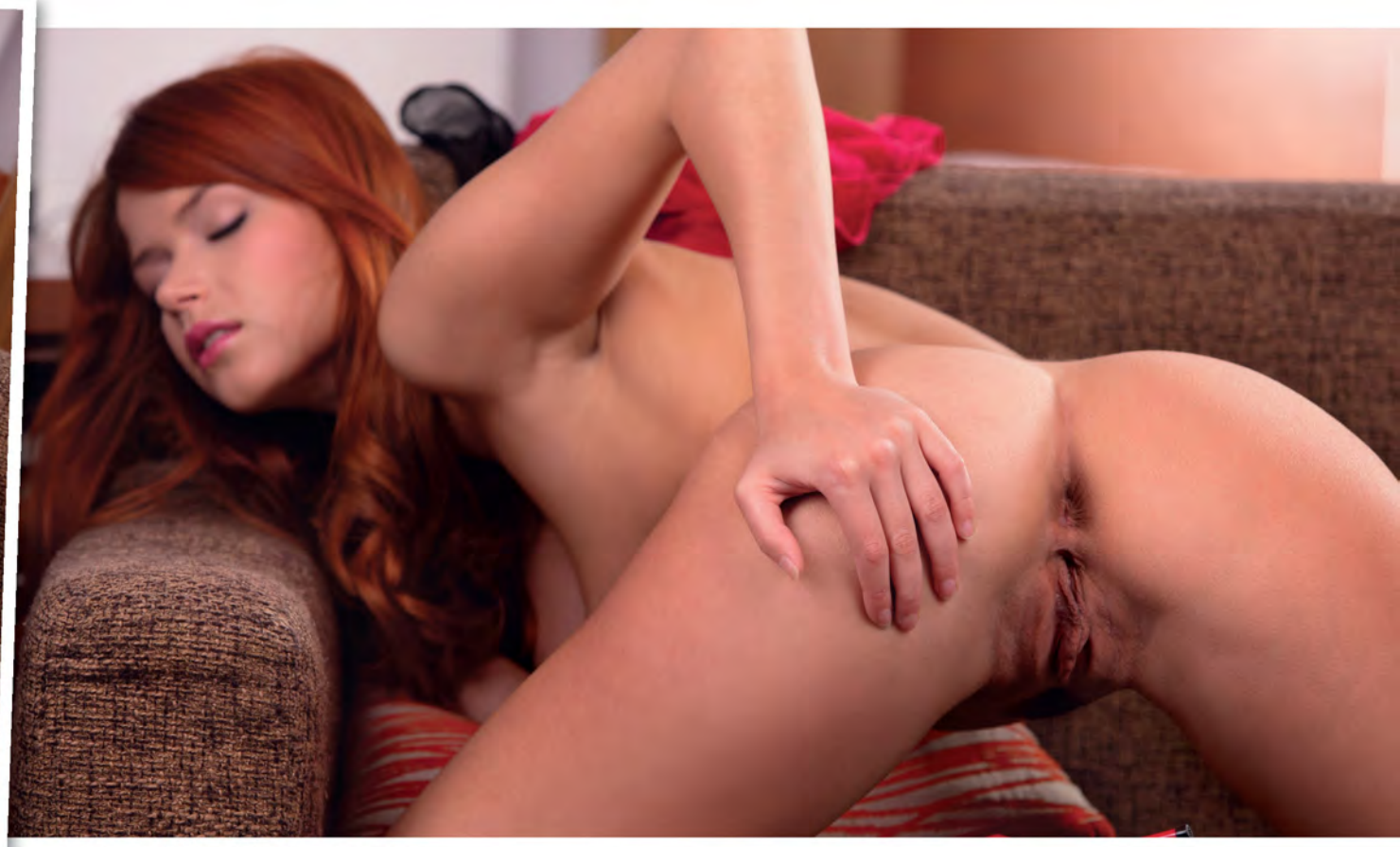
It was obviously a quiet month in the *Club International* postroom, with the most notable film up for review being the future classic *Last Call* starring Shannon Tweed. You know, *Last Call*, it frequently features on clip shows and magazine lists for the top 10 films of all time. You know, the one where all of Shannon Tweed's clothes fall off repeatedly. You know, *Last Call*. Yes you do, *Last Call*... ♣

PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

KAMI-KAZE! ♣

We'd like to pilot Kami's pussy...

From that little pubic tuft, the *Club* scientists (who bring their own bunsen burners and pipettes to work) have divined that Kami is not a real redhead. But, frankly, we don't give a damn. In our minds (ok, our cocks) she's a redhead, with her milky skin and fiery mane. We don't really care about matching collars and cuffs, we love the variation of a ginger bonce and a brunette landing strip. Plus, if you're lucky enough to be getting a first-hand look at the colour of Kami's fanny topiary, you're not going to want to blow it by asking her precisely what Pantone reference her pubes are, are you? No, you're going to be in there face first, ginger or no ginger. And you won't even want to come up for air. ♣



KAMI

INTERNATIONAL
club

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com).
If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Pippa **AGE:** 19
FAVE SEX: Threesomes.
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? You wouldn't guess she's a dirty one..

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
Easy – it's my favourite porn mag. I like some others, but *Club* girls are the fittest. I really like the European girls you have, they don't have the traditional American Barbie-girl look.

AND NOR DO YOU.
That's because I'm London born and bred. I don't mind getting tarted up for nights out, but I'm more of a jeans and T-shirt kind of girl at home.

AND WHAT ABOUT IN THE BEDROOM?
Well, I've got mates who go mad for expensive lingerie, but I'd rather just be nude. I can't be doing with all stockings and suspenders when the important bits are needing some attention!

WHAT'S THE KINKIEST THING YOU'VE DONE?
Well, I think I've still got a lot to learn, sex-wise, but I did have a threesome with my best mate and her bloke recently. It was the first lesbian stuff I've done, and I felt a bit on show with him there, but once I warmed up I was a really dirty girl! Having him fuck me while I had my mouth on her pussy was the best thing ever.

SOUNDS SWEET. WHAT'S NEXT?
I'll see if modelling takes off for me, but I like my day job anyway, and in the meantime I'm going to keep on experimenting at sex! ♣

Pippa fills her kipper right now at...

www.paulraymond.com/club

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE €250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

RED LETTER LAY!

May I say hi to Scarlet, the fuck of my life so far? This isn't some mushy love letter – I just need to spill how sexy this girl is! I'd barely sucked a tit or licked a pussy when we met, but then she took me home from a party and broke me in. She nearly broke me, full stop – she's like a one-woman gangbang! I woke up, delicate from the night before, only to find her head between my legs, licking away.

"I'll start out gently," she said, although we didn't last ten minutes before I was fucking her face. "Whoa…" she said, and moved into a sixty-nine, so she could lean on my thighs and pin them wide apart. I'm a fast learner – I already knew what worked for her: Just about anything! But I still used my best tricks as I sucked her clit, then found her G-spot. She howled up against my pussy, then raised the stakes, finding a dildo under the pillow, then jamming it deep in my fanny.

She pummelled me something rotten, angling it to catch me where it mattered. There was a kind of frustration to it after I'd cum, knowing I wasn't going to feel that deep, hot rush of spunk inside of me. But that passed as Scarlet and her toy kept pounding relentlessly, permanently hard and making me cum till she decided I was done.

We tried all kinds of play – I finally shocked her with how much I loved anal, sitting with my arse in her face as she probed me with yet another of her toy collection. I told her all about my ex, a real anal fanatic, who had sent me off to work each morning with a bum full of spunk. So much for the sweet little innocent she was educating!

And so she got a strap-on, a big black rubber dong. It didn't look real, but then she said she didn't want my mind drifting to cock. She wanted me to be aware I was fucking a woman. I lay on the bed, missionary style, my knees parted. She used the dildo to build up friction, rubbing along my slit and over my clitoris, squishing it up against my pubic bone. A little rough but it did the trick – my cunt was wet, already throbbing from what she was doing now and the memory of the previous night.

"Legs up," she breathed, and I rested them on her shoulders, feet flexing as her dildo worked on my clit. Then she pulled back a little before sweeping right in. It was a lot to take in – a big black latex cock crammed in my cunt, topped off by my sexy friend, tits bouncing and breath coming in gasps as she fucked me. She was rocking her entire body, putting every ounce of it into snapping her hips back and forth, fucking me as hard as she could. It felt so good, but when I spotted a vibrator she'd left on the bed, I grabbed that too, and held it to my clit. She called me a bitch in heat, then pulled out, saying if I wanted to cum that bad, she'd make it happen.

I thought she'd roll me over, but instead she shoved my legs back, tilting my bum up to expose my arsehole. My crack was already running with juice, and she swiped more on it from her toy.

She didn't thrust, just dipped, only about an inch in and out, but it kept the fat head of the toy working inside of the very opening of my arse. Weirdly, it felt even fuller than when I took an entire length, stretching the nerve-centre to the limit. Again, I used the vibrator on my clit, and instantly began to cum. Scarlet had a priceless look on her face, like one self-satisfied bitch, but I was cumming too hard to call her on it.

I've told Scarlet to her face, and now I want see it written in black and white in *Club* too – nobody's ever fucked me like she does. Official. Maybe the tiniest part of me is missing dick, though – there's nothing like that rush of spunk. Perhaps

you boys reading this can wank a load out in my honour?
Chloe, Gillingham

PARK & RIDE!

I've never been the faithful type but my husband tolerates it, as long as he gets his own cock sucked frequently Most recently, I've been fucking around with Pete, who works for the local council in the parks department. He pegged me for the slut I am the first time we met. I asked him could I pick a flower from the garden, and he said I had to flash my tits in return. "Hey, if you don't ask..." he grinned.

"Don't worry, you will get," I said, and flipped my dress right up, showing him my naked pussy as well as my boobs. He knew all the park's best spots for fucking, like one tree growing at the perfect angle for a stand-up shag. He got me up against it, bark rough against my bare back and arse, then stuck his dick in me deep.

I shoved my boobs forward, flattening them up against his chest, feeling the power of his cock as it hit the top of my snatch. Then suddenly he was drilling me hard and fast, building up the friction till his spunk shot out, dripping down my legs as it overflowed.

When he pulled out he just looked at me, watching me breathe in deep. Then he walked over, sunk to his knees and kissed my spunky pussy. Next thing his mobile rang, and he barely had time to tell me duty called, as he dressed and hurried off. He apologised, said he'd make it up to me if I showed up at the park early the next day. It was already light when I arrived, and he asked me where I wanted to fuck first – we had the entire park to ourselves.

"That bench," I said. I didn't actually care where, I could just see he had a morning glory and I wanted it now! He sat back and I got on him reverse cowgirl, legs on the seat as he humped me up and down. I moved my arse against him like a dancer, and tightened my snatch whenever he was in me, sighing as he pulled out slow, then moaning as he slid back in again.

He splayed my thighs and then grabbed my tits, groping them, fingers finding my tender nipples. Then I put a hand down to my clit and fingered it until I started cumming. I tried to bite my lip but he told me to moan as loud as I liked, nobody could hear us. This got me even hornier, and I couldn't wait to take the first load of the day inside of me. "Fuck me with that big prick," I gasped, and soon he blasted his load into my pussy.

He stayed with me this time, then said he'd always wanted to fuck a woman on the formal lawn

So, totally naked but for my shoes, I walked right into the centre of the lawn – it gave him a kinky thrill to see my spike heels spear his precious turf.

I lay back, feeling the cool dewy grass against my body, but he told me to turn over. He wanted it laying-down doggie. So I pressed my tits against the lawn. Pete raised my arse up so he could penetrate me, then I was flat out, face resting on my hands, as he fucked me me, grinding me against the moist, springy grass. It was so sexy, like a full-frontal feel-up, the soft coolness emphasizing how hot and hard his prick felt in me.

> **"She used the dildo to build up friction, rubbing along my slit and over my clit"**

As I came, I moaned at him to fuck me deeper, and he speared me hard until he shot his load inside of my cunt again. I was so horny that I came again, just from his warm, wet tip touching my crack as he pulled out.

He had work to do and I didn't, so I went home and gave my husband an early-morning oral wake-up call. Half-asleep, he didn't notice how swollen my cunt was, but all the while I was sucking him, I imagined Pete's cock fucking my brains out...
Nina, Worcs

ASSAGE THERAPY!

My girlfriend Rhona teaches massage and one day, during my own training, she lined up Ewan, a guy I'd been lusting after, for one of my practice sessions. "See how professional

you can be when your lust-object is lying naked on your couch," she told me.

My pussy started dripping when he showed up fully dressed, let alone when I saw him stripped naked except for a towel. But she'd also asked him to play the horny, flirty client – talking dirty, flashing me 'accidentally' and copping a feel as I worked on him.

Going against my instincts – to get his dick inside of me and ride every drop of jizz out of him – I told him to back off. It wasn't all an act, though. When I had him turn over, he had the biggest stiffy ever! Rhona had taught me what to say in this situation, but before I could open my mouth, she said, "Okay, lesson over. You two have fun."

She made to leave but I told her to stick

around. I stripped, showing off my big boobs, and told her to lube them up so Ewan could fuck me between them. She drizzled sweet-scented body oil on them; then as she worked it over my skin, I got her topless. We started to rub our slick boobs together, Ewan stroking off over the sight of us.

I got in position to let him fuck that big dick in and out my cleavage. But his helmet looked so tempting as it popped out between my boobs that I soon took it in my mouth. I heard moans and glanced over to see Rhona fucking herself with a sex toy – maybe that's how she dealt with the frustration of not being able to screw a horny client! She was obviously pretty wet from watching us, so I spit out Ewan, asking did he want us both.

Stupid question! We got him on the sofa and I straddled his cock, rubbing it up against my slit before slipping him inside me. I moaned, just relishing the size, the hardness, looking at him laid out below me as he thrust in. I signalled to Rhona and she came over, hopped up on the sofa, settling her pussy over his face. His groans were damped as she sunk down, and as I heard the slurping and the moans from her as his tongue dug deep, I ground even harder on his prick.

She was fingering her clit, and so close to cumming she was in danger of bucking herself off of the narrow sofa. Ewan was ready for a change of position anyway. Now it was Rhona spread out on the padded vinyl, legs spread wide open. I got in between them and began lapping at her slit, sucking down those sweet juices.

> **"I heard the slurping and moans as his tongue dug deep into her pussy"**

I was buzzing with anticipation, desperate to feel Ewan's prick in me again – but first I felt his fingertips, fumbling with my arsehole as he worked some of Rhona's body oil in and around it. I've never done much anal so I felt kind of nervous when he eased his cock into position. But he reached around and started to play with my clit, stimulating and relaxing me so I took him easily.

He was stretching and filling me up, lifting me onto tiptoe as he thrust in, tilting my face even further onto Rhona's cunt. I was moaning and slurping, savouring her sweet taste, while she massaged her own oily tits. As I squeezed and rubbed her clit between my thumb and finger, she moaned and started to cum, little gobs of juice exploding over my tongue. I was on overload, couldn't ignore the thick cock pounding my arsehole, but my head was swimming in the scent of my girlfriend's juices.

Even when she was done cumming, Ewan's thrusts were still mashing my mouth against her crotch. I couldn't believe how much my arsehole could handle. Then I felt more hot bursts as he spunked deep in my bum.

I've kept up with my training, and Ewan's always willing to be experimented on, unsurprisingly! Now I'm trying to persuade him to learn massage too – he'd be a real natural, I'm sure. The things that guy can do with his fingers, as well as his tongue and prick, are just mindblowing!

Teresa, Bracknell ♣

The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

February 2011

ALBUM REVIEWS

THE JOY FORMIDABLE

Big Roar (Warners)

Is the Mrs moaning about how you always go to gigs with your mates leaving her sat at home watching *Coronation Street*? Fear not, for here is a band who will keep you both happy. She'll enjoy the steady indie anthems while you'll enjoy the nice blonde snatch holding the mic.

THE JAPANESE POPSTARS

Controlling Your Allegiance (Virgin)

The latest and greatest in electronic music, these Northern Irish lads have already remixed tunes for the likes of Depeche Mode, Groove Armada, and Kylie Minogue. Pete Tong likes them and let's face it – if it's good enough for his turntables it's good enough for ours.

THE MUSIC

Singles & Eps: 2001 – 2005 (EMI)

The Music seemed destined for massive things but in the end didn't reach such great heights. Still, this retrospective deserves 120mb of anyone's hard drive. *Getaway*, a Thin White Duke remix, and some live recordings will keep the indie lads smiling.

AKON

Akonic (Island)

Akon is the king of the 'I Wanna Be A Gangster But I Work Monday to Friday 9-5' genre. Get 5 gold chains around your neck, don a Marks & Spencer's wife beater, and all you need now are a few young whores.

NAPALM DEATH

Diatribes/GreedKilling/ Bootlegged in Japan (Earache)

The first 2 CDs are re-releases but the live in Japan CD is first class mayhem that any self respecting grindcore fan should have in his crazy collection. Probably not one for making love to but still a great listen if you're the angry type.

Phantom of the Bedroom

Club chats to The Phantom Band bass player and Scottish legend, Gerry Hart...

Where have you been in the world that you would recommend to the Club readers?

There's a festival in Norway that is pretty amazing and they have everything from the local death metal band to Bjorn Again. It's in the middle of the forest and there are lots of naked people in jacuzzis just chattin' and stuff.

Are the Norwegian girls naked?

Aye. And the men. It's all free and easy. The jacuzzis are on all day long and at night everyone sits around a log fire letting it all hang out!

So they are still naked at night when they are pissed?

Aye.

What's this place called?

The Storas festival in Norway.

It sounds amazing.

It is. It's a lot different to your T in The Park or Leeds and Reading and obviously when you're there, you get into the spirit of things. Also, I would recommend Switzerland; it's beautiful. We played in this bar in Zurich called El Lokal which was amazing and the guy just gave us a free run of the bar. It was a great night, a great gig, and we had great weather. Sat at the side of a river drinking with your pals and playing music; it's a pretty good life to be honest.

Tell us about your favourite stag do.

When Steven, the manager of the band had his stag do, we rented log cabins in the north of Scotland. We took all the necessary provisions, locked the doors, and just went for it. It was one of those where if you did sleep, it was for half an hour and then you got back up and got on it again.

Did you get any strippergrams or sample some of the highland snatch?
Well, what happens on tour stays on tour – you know the rules.

Have you ever killed an animal, either by accident or for pleasure?
A mate of mine ran over a pheasant in his mini and he thought to himself, "Hold on, I could take that home and eat it." So he jumped out of the car, picked it up, put it into the mini, started to drive home, and about 5 minutes along the road the pheasant came back round – he'd only stunned it. The pheasant started flying around the mini and my mate had to beat it to death with an umbrella whilst he was still driving!

Did he eat it in the end?
Aye, he ate it. It was a job well done.

Have you ever stolen anything?
I went through a wee spell of tea leafin' when I was drunk but it was always stuff that wasn't really worth stealing. We'd go into the garage up the road and steal a copy of *Caravan Monthly* but after a bit I had to have words with myself. Can you imagine not getting into America for stealing a magazine about some nonsense women's weekly?

Have you had sex in the great Scottish outdoors?
Haven't we all?

Can you tell us about a nice romantic spot where you could take the Mrs for a bit of outdoor action?
Conic Hill is one of my favourite places because it's so close to Glasgow. It's a hill that looks out over Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond and you can see the peaks opening up in front of you. It a beautiful place and a nice wee walk. Thoroughly recommended.

The most unique shag location?
Sydney Opera House, a year ago.

In the toilets?
It was in the Opera House. We'll leave it at that!

Have you ever won any competitions?
2nd in the daffodil bulb growing competition for the under 7s in Hamilton. I won a book token worth £1!

Brilliant. Cheers Gerry – keep on shaggin'.

www.myspace.com/thephantombandpage

February

GIG GUIDE

Fuck Valentines Day - go to a gig and bag some snatch...

CHAPEL CLUB
Sheffield Leadmill 5th
London Heaven 16th

BRITISH SEA POWER
Cardiff Clwb Ifor Bach
Bristol Thekla 8th
Brum Institute 9th
Manchester Ritz 15th
Norwich Waterfront 21st
London Forum 27th

FUTURES
Cambridge St Pauls Church
Bristol Academy 27th
Nottingham Rock City 28th

EXAMPLE
Preston 53 Degrees 23rd
Grimsby Auditorium 24th
Newcastle Academy 26th

FEEDER
Liverpool Academy 7th
Leeds Academy 8th
Cambridge Junction 16th
London Roundhouse 20th

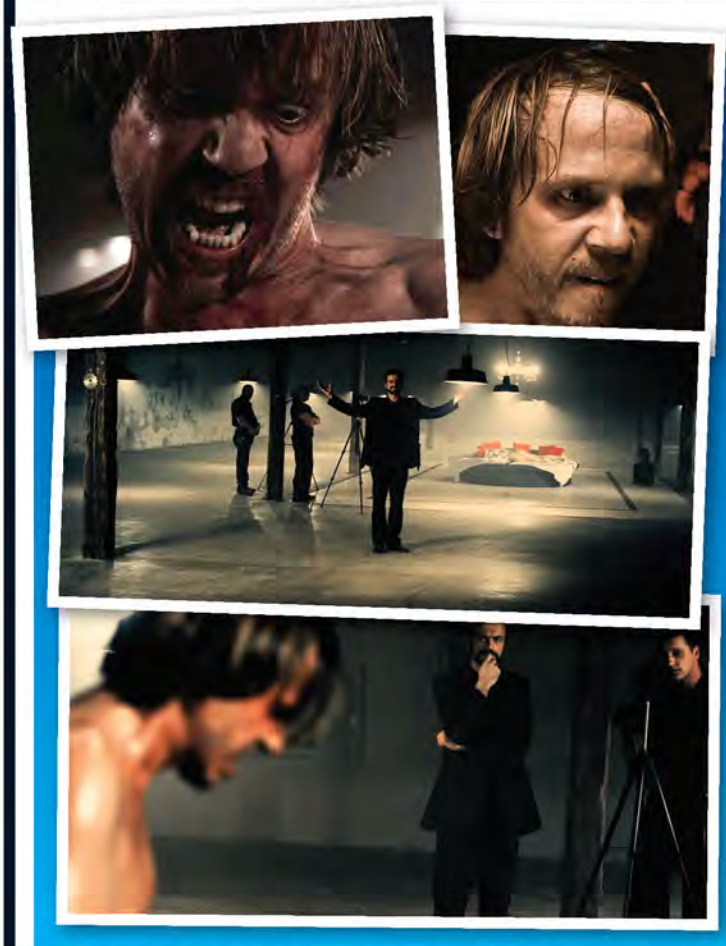
SWR - SHAUN RYDER
London Shepherds Bush Empire 25th
Manchester Academy 26th

CRYSTAL CASTLES, MAGNETIC MAN, EVERTYHING EVERYTHING, THE VACCINES
Manchester Academy 4th
Newcastle Academy 7th
Nottingham Rock City 8th
Leeds Academy 9th
Norwich U.E.A. 11th
Brum Academy 12th
Cardiff The Great Hall 13th
Bristol Academy 15th
Bournemouth Academy 16th
Brighton Dome 17th
Brixton Academy 19th

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Draw the curtains and tuck into this lot...

RATINGS: ★ BARNABY ★★ MARPLE ★★★ POIROT ★★★★ MAIGRET ★★★★★ HOLMES



A Serbian Film

(Revolver Entertainment, DVD, Blu-ray)

The most controversial films aren't often the most deserving of our attention – we give you *The Human Centipede* – but the hullabaloo surrounding *A Serbian Film* actually works to obscure the (admittedly questionable) merits. We first saw this in a shonky, dodgy uncut version, which was eye-wateringly hard to watch. After the BBFC cut it heavily, it's still a gruelling tale about Milos, a retired porn star struggling in the real world. He's offered work by a shadowy porn figure who reassures him the fee will set him up for life, but he's to remain unaware of the scenes they're shooting. After accepting, the madness begins, as Milos finds himself doing things that strain credulity and morality. The makers say it's an allegory about life in Serbia, which may be stretching it. Whatever, it's a film worth seeing just to have an opinion on, but maybe not one for Xmas day, yeah?

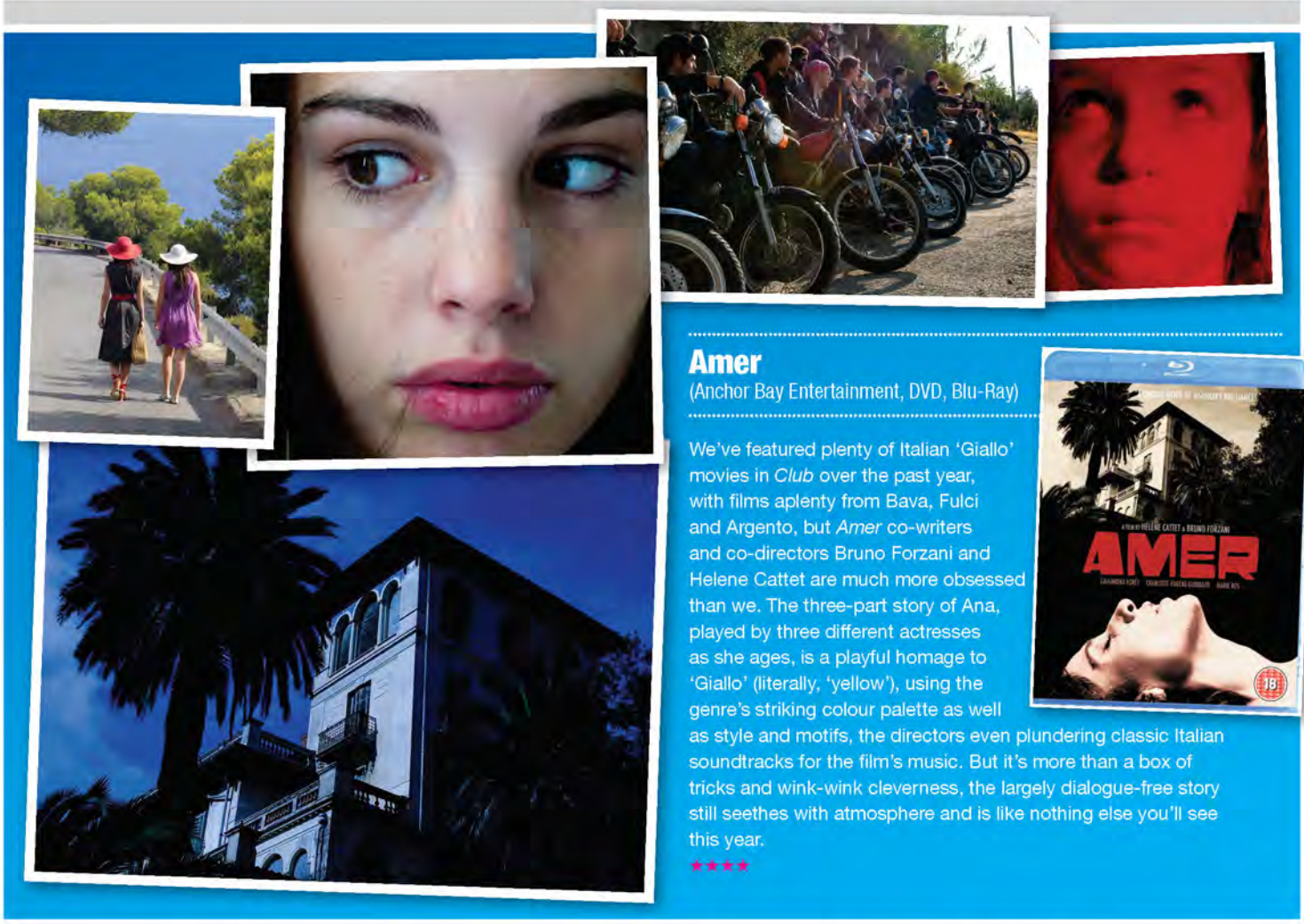
★★★

Shock Labyrinth

(Chelsea Films, DVD £14.99)

J-Horror, that branch of Japanese cinema that has given us such creepy treats as *Ring* and *The Grudge*, has run out of steam recently, its shocks diluted by unnecessary English-language remakes. But *The Grudge*'s writer/director, Takashi Shimizu, hasn't given up just yet, and here he ups the ante by delivering the first Japanese film shot in HD Digital 3D – glasses included, naturally. It's based on a walk-through haunted house attraction in a Japanese theme park and, like the real thing, delivers its jumps with regularity. It tells the tale of Yuki, a child who disappears in a theme park's haunted house (see, we told you), then reappears ten year later. Turn the lights out, stick on the glasses and give your heart a kickstart.

★★★★



Amer

(Anchor Bay Entertainment, DVD, Blu-Ray)

We've featured plenty of Italian 'Giallo' movies in *Club* over the past year, with films aplenty from Bava, Fulci and Argento, but *Amer* co-writers and co-directors Bruno Forzani and Helene Cattet are much more obsessed than we. The three-part story of Ana, played by three different actresses as she ages, is a playful homage to 'Giallo' (literally, 'yellow'), using the genre's striking colour palette as well as style and motifs, the directors even plundering classic Italian soundtracks for the film's music. But it's more than a box of tricks and wink-wink cleverness, the largely dialogue-free story still seethes with atmosphere and is like nothing else you'll see this year.

★★★★

Deep Red

(Arrow Video, DVD £12.99, Blu-ray £16.99)

Here's another hard-to-find Dario Argento masterwork given the bells and whistles treatment. *Deep Red* predates his breakthrough movie *Suspiria* by two years, but shows plenty of the visual verve and way with a theatrical murder that would secure his reputation. Brit legend David Hemmings stars, alongside Argento regular Dario Nicolodi, and plenty of the themes are regular too: art (a pianist), supernatural beliefs (a psychic) and artistically mounted murders (the, er, artistically mounted murders). The extras are to the usual high standard of the series, especially the Blu-ray transfer. ★★★★

Bare Behind Bars

(Arrow Video, DVD £12.99)

The Women in Prison genre is a much maligned one and, generally, rightly so. But despite its shortcomings, it persists. *Love Camp 7*, *SS Experiment Love Camp* – they might differ in levels of exploitation, but they're all more concerned with female sexual congress and sexual punishment than they are with prison reform. Originally released in 1980, this makes no bones about how sleazy it wants to be, director Oswaldo de Oliveira laying on the sex and violence thick and fast. In other words, Oliveira might just have directed the silliest, sleaziest Women in Prison movie of all time. ★★★

Competition Corner

We've got a bumper batch of prizes to hand out this month, merely follow the instructions for each film and you too can find your house full of slightly bizarre and/or downright 'orrible movies...

A Serbian Film: We've got three DVDs, courtesy of Revolver Entertainment, to give out to the first three readers to tell us the name of Manchester United's Serbian captain. Email your answer to *clubint@paulraymond.com* or write to: *Club International*, Triactive Media, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR.

Deep Red: Arrow Video have generously given us 3 Blu-rays of Argento's magnificent 'Giallo' *Deep Red* to throw your way. Just let us know in what classic movie David Hemmings played a swinging photographer.

Amer: We've got 3 copies of *Amer* on new-fangled Blu-ray to furnish your 'home entertainment system' with, courtesy of Anchor Bay entertainment. Just let us know what 'Giallo' means. Easy peasy.

Outcast: We gave *Outcast* a glowing review last month, and now we've got our sticky mitts on three DVD's of this excellent movie, starring James Nesbitt and Karen Gillan, thanks to Momentum Pictures. To get one, just tell us what Karen Gillan is somewhat better known for...

A Bay of Blood: Just when you think we've run out of top Giallo prizes, Arrow Video come up trumps again. We've got 3 Blu-ray's of Mario Bava's gory cracker to give away, if you can complete the title of this other Bava film: *Hatchet For...* ♣

The Six Nations

The rough and tumble of Rugby Union isn't for everyone, but Matt Loxham can't wait for the thrills and spills of the forthcoming Six Nations Championship, even if he still doesn't really understand all of the rules...

History

Way back in 1871, England played Scotland in the first ever Rugby Union international. Scotland won by one try to nil, but we don't need to dwell on that statistic for too long.

The real significance of this match as far as we're concerned is in the fact that it marked the beginning of a series of friendlies between the home nations (England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, for the geographically challenged) that would ultimately inspire the formation of the not-so-imaginatively titled 'Home Nations' competition twelve years later, in 1883 – which England won, just for the record. That's E-n-g-l-a-n-d.

In 1909, France signed up to make it the Five Nations, and apart from a hiatus between 1932 and 1940, when the French were kicked out for paying their players in what was then a strictly amateur game, that's the way it stayed until 2000, and the arrival of the Italians.

The format of the tournament couldn't really be any simpler. Each team plays the other once, home advantage alternates from one year to the next, and the overall winners are awarded the Championship Trophy. Easy peasies, as those shitty little meerkats might say.

Several 'sub-trophies' between certain countries, however, do complicate things a little. The Calcutta Cup – so named because it was fashioned from melted down Indian Rupees – is presented to the winner of the England versus Scotland match, and the Millennium Trophy – initiated in 1988 as part of Dublin's millennium celebrations – to the winner of the England versus Ireland clash.

Whoever comes out on top between Scotland and Ireland is awarded the Centenary Quaich – a Gaelic drinking vessel – and Italy and France contest the Giuseppe Garibaldi Trophy – Garibaldi being a kind of French born revolutionary who helped to unify Italy in the 19th Century. And a biscuit.

In addition to this fine array of silverware, the Triple Crown is the prize on offer for any home nation that beats all the other three, and the Grand Slam to the team that wins all their matches, a feat that France achieved in 2010.

Since the inception of the Home Nations, England – that's ENGLAND – have been the most successful team followed by Wales, but the most successful Six Nations outfit are the bloody French, with five league-topping campaigns in eleven years, another statistic that really doesn't bear too much thinking about...

2011 Six Nations Championship

England

After several years in the rugby wilderness, some steady improvement towards the end of 2010 will see England lining up against Wales at the Millennium Stadium in Cardiff as marginal favourites for this season's competition.

At the recent series of 'Autumn Internationals' in November, Martin Johnson's men thrashed Australia and, despite losing the match 26-16, even managed to compete with the mighty All Blacks, giving fans some reason for optimism in 2011.

Whether a resurgent Jonny Wilkinson will be included in the Six Nations squad is still open to question, as the legendary fly-half is currently playing his club rugby in France rather than on these shores, a situation the English Rugby Football Union doesn't approve of, but it's not such a huge issue as a more than capable candidate for the kicker's jersey exists in Leicester Tiger's Toby Flood.

The combined experience of captain fantastic Lewis Moody and powerful centre Mike Tindall will be crucial to England's hopes, as will the youthful vigour of emerging talent Ben Youngs at half-back, a position that apparently involves lots of ball-handling, just in case you were wondering. A nation expects, but can England deliver?

Key Man: Lewis Moody
Club Predicts: Winners

Wales

Although much of the talk in the build-up to Wales' Six Nations campaign surrounds whether or not *Strictly Come Dancing* star Gavin Henson will be involved in the squad, the truth is that there's much more to the Welsh team than the man who was once spoken about as being the bloke who shags Charlotte Church.

Talented youngster James Hook, who recently tubthumped in the media that 'We're ready to beat England' is the one to watch at fly-half, record-breaking Welsh try scorer Shane Williams a massive threat to any opponent on the wing, and Mike Phillips adds bags of experience in the scrum, which for the uninitiated is when some of the players all get together in a big huddle and grab for each other's testicle bags with punishing, vice-tight grips.

Welsh fans will be hoping for an improvement on 2010s fourth place finish, although naturally much will hinge on their performance and result against England in the first game.

Key Man: Shane Williams
Club Predicts: Fourth

Scotland

Although they admittedly possess a young and hugely talented squad of players, the flipside of this is the Scotland team are also fairly inexperienced, a weakness that New Zealand ruthlessly exposed in a 49-3 humbling last November.

However, the Jocks have shown that they're a resilient if not unpredictable bunch, something they proved by bouncing back to defeat the South Africans and Samoa in the weeks following the All Blacks debacle.

Former England coach Andy Robinson will be looking to one of his most experienced and talented players, winger Chris Paterson, to lead the line in attack, and trusty fly-half Dan Parks to keep the points ticking over by kicking the ball through those big posty things with his usually very reliable right peg. And please, stop me if I'm getting too technical.

Key Man: Dan Parks
Club Predicts: Sixth

Ireland

For a number of years now, the key to Ireland's success has been their captain and rugby genius in residence Brian O'Driscoll, a man considered to be one of the best players in the world. But it's not all about the man they call 'BOD' for this year's Six Nations.

Prolific fly-half Ronan O'Gara is currently Ireland's all time highest points scorer, not to mention the second highest in the history of the entire tournament, and his kicking will have to be as reliable as always.

Victory over Samoa and Argentina, and a closely fought defeat to South Africa back in November, not to mention the opening of their brand spanking new Aviva Stadium, sees the Irish in postitive mood, and they'll be hoping to emulate their success of 2009, when the men in green did the Grand Slam. Strength in depth in certain positions, however, could prove to be a big issue if important players pick up injuries.

Incidentally, in Declan Kidney, Ireland have the coach with the most bodily-organ-related name in the tournament.

Key Man: Brian O'Driscoll
Club Predicts: Second

Italy

The traditional whipping boys of the Six Nations have got their act together in recent years, and the stream of crushing defeats they suffered when they first joined the competition are these days mostly a thing of the past.

Much of Italy's improvement can be put down to the emergence of players who ply their trade in the stronger French and English leagues such as brothers Mauro and Mirco Bergamasco, and their Argentinian-born captain Sergio Parisse, all of whom play club rugby for the Parisien giants Stade Francais.

Tough prop Salvatore Perugini is the lynchpin of the side with his power in the scrum. Although they probably won't be competitive enough to win the Six Nations for some time yet, the Italians will be no pushovers by any means, and this year could easily prove to be their most fruitful campaign to date.

Key Man: Sergio Parisse
Club Predicts: Fifth

> **"Rugby, after all, is a very big deal for the French, along with berets and the Eiffel Tower."**

France

Current Six Nations champions France's form has been patchy, to say the least, since they achieved that glorious Grand Slam at last year's tournament.

'Les Bleus' were obliterated by pretty much the same Australia team that England managed to humble back in November, and fans will be looking for pride to be swiftly restored in 2011.

Rugby, after all, is a very big deal for the French, along with berets and the Eiffel Tower.

With his 18 stone, six foot three inch frame, Sebastien 'The Caveman' Chabal should be amongst those desperate to rise to the challenge, and he will pose a fearsome threat to any team, along with powerful winger Aurelien Rougerie running the line and the hulking presence of Imanol Harinordoquy underpinning the back row and getting commentators' tongues in a twist with his giant frame and ridiculously long name.

On paper, at least, France will be a force to be reckoned with, and they have the ideal opening match to get that Aussie walloping out of their system – at home to those notoriously bad travellers, the Scots.

Whether they can do it or not, however, depends much on the famously erratic French temperament. You know, the famously erratic French temperament that we enjoyed seeing so much of during last year's football World Cup?

Surely their rugby team is made of much sterner stuff…

Key Man: Imanol Harinordoquy
Club Predicts: Third ♣

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PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...

LIBRARY FUCK!

Leanne is a squeaky-clean librarian that I've been dating for the past two months. Under normal circumstances I would have dumped her by now since she's never even come close to giving up her pussy to me. However, there is something about her that keeps me interested. Maybe it's the way her pointy nipples push through her sweater, the look of her legs adorned with argyle socks, or perhaps it's the way she sucks on my tongue when we are kissing. Whatever it is, this girl has me constantly tied up into knots and trying to tap her twat has become somewhat of a game for me.

Last night, before our date, I had no idea that I was the one who was about to be played. After sitting through an agonising hour of orchestral music, Leanne invited me back to her place. As per usual I took my spot on her sofa and awaited my chance to get to second base. To my surprise, Leanne excused herself to slip into something 'a little more comfortable.'

I was expecting her to emerge in a frumpy flannel nightie, so Leanne blew me away when she entered the room wearing a latex bodysuit with breast and crotch cut-outs, thigh-high spike boots, a leather whip and a horsetail buttplug hanging out of her arsehole.

"Put these on, you're going to need 'em," she growled, throwing a pair of industrial strength kneepads in my direction. I was completely shocked and dumbfounded. "I said strip down and put those on!" she barked again, this time slashing the whip against the wall. I did what I was told, securing the pads around my knees. Truthfully, I felt a little scared of this pint-sized princess that had turned into Pornzilla before my very eyes.

Leanne tilted my head back with the handle of her whip, straddled my head and urged me to smell her hungry cunt. I sniffed her pussy with deep full breaths until my cock felt like it was going to burst. Then she grabbed my hair and held my mouth against her pussy.

"Eat me out!" she ordered me, teasing me with playful lashes of her whip. Her pussy tasted so good that the humiliation of being treated like a little bitch was well worth it. Just as I was about to go in for another taste of twat, Leanne turned around and demanded that I fuck her anus with the buttplug. I grabbed the toy by the thick strands of horse-hair and made her arse choke on the plastic bulb. She gasped and shook as her tightest hole got stretched out.

"Do you want to stick your cock in my arse?" she asked, pulling the plug out and spreading her cheeks open to show me her gaping hole.

"Fuck yes!" I responded, eager to finally get some hardcore action.

She was still teasing though, as she pushed me onto the sofa and reached for her basket of yarn. To my utter surprise, she pulled out a ball ring. She secured the plastic loop around my balls until they became plump and red. Then she sucked my cock like a pro and juggled my nuts around her mouth, delivering the best blowjob of my entire life.

Finally, she spun her tiny frame around and inserted my prick into her pucker. She bounced wildly up and down in reverse cowgirl, digging her nails into my kneepads and spilling pussy juice all over my legs. Eventually she reached behind the cushion of the sofa, pulling out a vibrator that she shoved up her sloppy slit until a gush of cunt sauce began to cover my lap.

After she came, Leanne disconnected from my cock and pushed me on the ground on my hands and knees. "Spread your arsehole," she told me. I went for it and was surprised to feel the incredible sensation of Leanne's tongue up my bum. It felt incredible. With my face flush to the carpet, I began to stroke my cock while Leanne tongued and fingered my bum. Right as I exploded, she rushed between my legs to catch my cumload in her mouth. She swallowed every last drop leaving me totally drained, shocked and amazed. Like I've heard time and time again... It's always the quiet ones!

James, Belsize Park

> "He grabbed my hips and began hammering at my arse like a maniac"

ARSE AUDITION!

The life of a car insurance saleswoman is not all that exciting, you won't be all that surprised to discover. Day after day I'm met with the same resistance from bored customers who are just as excited about receiving my marketing calls as I am about making them. My only solace comes once a month when my *Club International* arrives on the top shelf.

I race home with it, yank my knickers down to my ankles, and scour the pages in search of the girl I will finger my hole to first. Usually I'll look for a sexy girl with blonde hair, big tits begging to be sucked, and a pretty pussy eager to be cleaned out by my tongue. After spending ample time rubbing my clit and banging my arsehole senseless, I turn to the 'Readers Girlfriend' section of the magazine and shove a huge black dildo up my arse once again. This time it's the sight of those sexy aspiring model babes with their legs spread. They make my cunt throb as I inspect their open holes splashed across the pages.

Last time, right as the image of some naughty bitch was making me cum all over my hands, my husband walked into the lounge with his digital camera in one hand and his hard cock in the other. "What are you doing over there?" he asked, stroking his hard-on. As it turns out, he'd been watching me fuck myself silly the entire time, snapping pictures of me sucking on my nipples, and dredging my fingers into my sloppy hole.

"You look just as sexy as those girls," he continued, urging me to pull my legs open and show him my pink. Feeling like a hot *Club* girl, I did as he instructed and worked my way through all sorts of sexual positions while he clicked away on the camera.

"Arch your back. Poke your bum out!" he ordered me. When I started to jam a few fingers up my arse and in my pussy at the same time he went wild. He set down the camera, grabbed my face at the cheeks and pushed his dick through my lips.

"Suck on this, you sexy little slut!" he growled, groping my tits while his cock powered into my throat. I sucked him hard, flipping through the pages of the magazine the entire time.

"Do you want to see me on the pages of this magazine?" I asked, while stroking his balls.

"You will be, baby. I'm submitting these images," he continued, rolling me over onto my hands and knees to get a look at my tight arsehole. He spat a wad into my crinkly bung and worked his hand around the rim. My greedy arse sucked in one finger at a time until four digits were plowing in and out of me.

"Cock, give me some fat cock!" I screamed as he grabbed his throbbing meat at the base and jammed it inside. Although he is packing a solid nine inches, I didn't even flinch when he entered through my backdoor. I was so horny and wet with cum that I could handle it.

He grabbed my hips and began hammering at my arse like a maniac. I could feel his sweat trickle over my back and the sound of him growling with sheer satisfaction made me feel so sexual and animalistic. I pulled my arsehole open with both hands as my body was shunted along the carpet. Although I knew I'd have carpet burns to try and explain the next day at the office, I didn't care. My main focus was making my gushing holes cum as many times as I could, ultimately breaking my old personal record of eight orgasms in one session.

When I held my vibrator to my pussy it started to explode. Finally the vibrating sensation was more than both of us could take, causing my husband to lose his load inside my arse. It was the perfect ending to a brilliant experience and I've got lots of pictures to prove it!

Wendy, Taunton ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?
Send your bum banter to: **Peaches, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR**, or you can e-mail them to us at ***clubint@paulraymond.com***. There's £50 for every letter we print, don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Movies that won't be troubling the Oscar jury...

RATINGS: ★ NIMBY ★★ SECRET OF NIMH ★★★ NIMROD ★★★★ NYMPHET ★★★★★ NYMPHO

Alexis Texas: Nymphomaniac
(Harmony)

Alexis Texas has everything going for her. A cute face, awards galore, a huge fanbase and a bum that must be in the top tens bums of all history. But maybe it's the fact that there's only anal scene on her CV that stops us from totally adoring her. If you were a real nympho, as the title suggests, you'd be sitting on a rubber ring half the time. We're not saying you can't be a great porn star without bum sex, but when your calling card is your arse, you need to provide access to it a bit more. Alexis' two scenes here are nice, including a threesome, but there are more sexy thrills in the bumming that Riley Evans get, or the hyper-inflated Brit McKenzie Lee sharing Marco Banderas with Adrianna Rossi.

★★★★

Project Sneak: H2Orgasm
(Private)

Any fan of Private will tell you that they love nothing more than a sex scene shot next to a swimming pool – and fans of *Club* will tell you we're not averse to plonking a girl next to a piscine either – but H2Orgasm goes one further by hijacking a whole water park for its sexy fun. Among the slides, water pistols and inflatables, there's some righteous fucking too, with Laia Prats and Yoha Galvez eliciting the most cock twitches from this viewer. It was only fitting that I made a splash as well, in my own little way.

★★★

Lolita
(Wicked)

A hit on the internet already, 'Little Lupe' morphs into Lupe Fuentes as she becomes Wicked's latest contract star, and Brad Armstrong is at hand to direct her first starring feature for them. Sex-wise, it's a mixed bag. A lesbian scene with Kaylani fizzles out, there's two scenes too much of Spyder Jonez, albeit one of them is art-directed excellently, if that kind of thing matters to you. Lupe puts plenty of effort in, and she's in scenes galore, but whether you like this film or not will largely depend on where you stand on diminutive Latinas.

★★★

WEAR IT'S AT...
CLOBBER!

WRITING: DAN GREENPEACE (twitter.com/dangreenpeace)

Club's sartorial specialist is back with some tips on how to look hip and not like a hipster...

When we started this column we didn't realise it would spawn a whole noughties trend of women sporting men's clothes. It's like some postmodern *Annie Hall* shit. Such is the effect of sultry Sasha rocking below-the-radar French men's designers, it now turns out more women buy this magazine than men just to read 'Clobber'. For commercial reasons, however, we'll still have plenty of pages dedicated solely to lady lumps and va jay jay.

Speaking of Sasha, we had the pleasure of shooting her (no, not shooting on her, that would be unprofessional) in a rather nice Kazuki Kuraishi designed Adidas track top for Japanese DJ group Mintos. If only said DJ Group could see their range

worn by Sasha, we think they'd have the (Japs) eye for her. Err, sorry, best we could do with the given material.

Look out for more designs by Japanese design supremo KZK for Adidas Originals. For the lads on the terraces Kazuki even designed a rather nice take on the Kop classic, the Adidas Campus, so look out for those but I'd suggest keeping them box fresh for posterity. (KZK x Adidas Mintos Track Top from Hideout London £89.00).

Let's face it, all men have a soft spot for Paul Smith. No, not in the gay sense, but for his tailoring. Not many people know that the factory that has made Smith's shirts since the 70's was originally owned by Robert Newbold, a company founded in the late 1800's which Paul Smith bought in the 90's. Steeped in history, R. Newbold was launched as a brand itself and, similar to Smith's clothing, has a loyal following in Japan. Esteemed London based men's clothing store Goodwood, who specialise in wonderfully obscure designers, recently

"Pockets are something of an extravagance but are useful for your hands when it's cold"

collaborated with R. Newbold for a limited T-shirt range. Hopefully this will spark more demand on our shores for this heritage brand (Goodhood x R. Newbold Tee £49.00 *www.goodhoodstore.com*).

The two or three people that know me also know I'm the king of the understated designer label, so when I saw the new Damier Aventure Bag my eyes nearly popped out. The Damier pattern is the alternative to the usual LV insignia you see adorning WAG bags, it's the chessboard pattern. You've got to look really closely to realise it's a Vuitton bag and better still, it's for men only. It's going a little OTT for a gym bag but if you're going to throw your soggy trunks in something, why not go the whole hog? (*www.louisvuitton.com/uk* price £tbc)

Finally a few more tidbits for you to check out. I'm a fan of the classic Desert Boot but often don't want to spend fortunes so pop down to H&M who have light tan and dark brown versions for a mere £29.99, but be quick because they usually sell out as soon as they restock. More on the cosmetic tip, Kiehl's is the number one men's toiletry brand in my book and finally they've launched a no nonsense hair and body wash that comes in a handy travel size. The official title is 'Cross Terrain All In One Refuelling Wash'. Basically shower gel, but bloody awesome shower gel (£15.99 *www.kiehls.co.uk*). ♣

Adidas
KZK X Adidas
£89
adidas

POPSHOT CULTURE!

PORN AFICIONADO MATT SANDERS TAKES HIS HANDS OFF HIS PENIS FOR HALF AN HOUR TO BANG OUT A LOAD OF WORDS ABOUT THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF DIGITAL SMUT...

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 6 – DYANNA LAUREN

Okay, so this doesn't quite count as retirement, as she's on record as saying she's gonna get back into the biz in the next few years (and she filmed a one-off scene in 2009) but Dyanna Lauren is an old school porn star legend who made a host of naughty films back in the 1990s, when the hair was stiff with hairspray and the clothes were, well, fucking awful. What the hell was going on in the 90s? Have you watched an old episode of *Friends*? Waistcoats! Stonewashed jeans! It's like the 80s never happened – sheesh!

Anyway, back to Dyanna. She did things the proper way – contracted to Vivid, a regular in Playboy and Penthouse, guest vocals on Marilyn Manson albums, a CEO of a major porn studio (Ninn Worx), titted fuckminx Dyanna (who was born in LA, waaaaay back in 1965) is everything a sensible porn starlet should be. No controversies, jail time or nervous breakdowns here – just sex action. She still looks awesome at 45, too, so as far as I'm concerned she can come out of retirement as soon as she damn well pleases. Sure, she might have a few extra wrinkles here and there but they add character, right? make ends meet. And if not, I'm sure there are plenty of MILF porn opportunities we'd all like to see her exploit...

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Beatrice Dalle

Chances are, if you're in your thirties and in any way cultured then you'll have cracked one or two out to the arty French movie *Betty Blue* in your younger days. The poster for this 3-hour long bonkers love story adorned pretty much every student dorm room for most of the 1990s, featuring as it did the luscious face and curves of Beatrice Dalle, a stunner and a half. With her pouty lips, cute tooth-gap and willingness to pull up her skirt, she had us all standing to attention back in the days when you couldn't get your hands on an uncut porno in the British Isles for love nor money.

So, how's she looking now? Well, the gap's widened, the lips are heading into Mick Jagger territory, and the butter-wouldn't-melt face just kinda, well, melted. Actually, that's a bit mean: she's still pretty decent to look at, and a good actress too. In fact, I'd probably give a testicle just to let the remaining one have a squirt up her fanny. But then I'm romantic like that.

Come and follow me on Twitter: @popshotculture

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

Accidents Will Happen

Quirky porn bint Jessie Lee had a nasty car smash last December, suffering major injuries on her way to a signing at an adult expo. She fractured her neck and suffered other injuries but, thankfully, pulled through. And how did her fellow porn stars help her through this difficult time? Well, it'll put a lump in your throat (as opposed to your trews) but they rallied round and organised a benefit for the poor lass (who won't be working for a little while), therefore raising her some dosh to live off. Joanna Angel and Jenna Haze were among the sexy starlets who joined in. Warms the cockles, doesn't it?

Fuck, Who's Stalking?

Gorgeous Teagan Presley and her lucky fucker fiancé Joshua this January emerged victorious from a court case in which they testified against a Seattle man who stalked them. A man by the name of The Honorable Robert Jesse Hill had been writing to the bonkfilm star, and appeared at her hotel room when she was touring through the city, taking photographs. He pretended to be a journalist, and therefore had access to Joshua s phone, so a barrage of abusive calls and texts followed. Luckily, the jury saw Teagan s side and he was convicted on two counts of stalking.

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

If you're a fan of nude women with big tits, you might well like a lovely lady by the name of Sandee Westgate, as she is exactly one of those. But her loveliness doesn't stop there, oh no. See, Sandee is a properly cute person, full of random thoughts and observations, bursting with advice and wisdom, which she gleefully shares with her followers on Twitter. For someone who can make your knob go off like a firecracker when you watch her dirty movies, she's remarkably demure and sweet when she's chatting on the popular micro-blogging platform, even when she's sharing snaps of her wondrous cleavage. A few things we learned pretty quickly after spending a few days following Sandee: she fucking loves dogs, she really really likes Italian food, and she has lots of ideas about what would make the world a better place. She also quotes a lot of philosophy, which you don't usually expect from a gal whose mouth is normally filled with ding-dongs. Here are some of her recent tweets:

"Someone needs to invent dog breath mints that actually work! Sheeesh!"

"All men should get pedicures. (nasty feet are a turn off). Take care of yourself :)"

"Deep, passionate, sensual, lip biting, neck licking, face grabbing kisses are the best. :)"

"Oh my goodness! Sophie (my shiba inu) is in her "shedding season"! Wow! I REALLY need to get a furminator tomorrow."

"I set up a spy cam to see my dogs while I'm gone... But it's making me miss them so bad :/"

"Hehe.... I love it when girls flirt with me :)). Puts me in a good mood!"

What a sweet little thing. Get your ruddy computer looking at www.twitter.com/sandeewestgate right this minute, you 'orrible lot.

Top Five...

Tattooed Porn Stars

They might be made of pixels, but you can still tug one out to 'em...

5: Janine Lindemulder
Long-faced blonde Janine was a boner-fide porno sensation in the 90s, appearing in thousands of glossy fuck flicks, and then appearing in music videos and on album covers for rock bands (she was the naughty nurse on the front of that inexplicably popular Blink 182 sleeve).

4: Angelina Valentine
With her big lips and jet black hair, there can be no doubt that this filthy lass is channelling another Angelina we could mention, and the look is sealed with her prevalence of tats, but her boobs are considerably perkier than Angelina's.

3: Texas Presley
Texas has words written on her, scary faces drawn on, squiggles all over her, she's a tattoo artist's wet dream. There's no rhyme nor reason to her bodily art – it's a bit of a mish-mash – but she's still cute and some of them are pretty eye-catching.

2: Belladonna
Gap-toothed fuck-pixie Belladonna was 13-years-old when she got her first bit of ink, and the slagtastic vegan cock-swallower has had a whole load more since. We think she has about nine of the things, but it's hard to tell with all the dicking.

1: Joanna Angel
Joanna is a number of things. She's a) hot, b) Jewish and c) dirty. Oh, and d) she's covered in tats. The star/director of the Burning Angel brand of films has made a name for herself with her XXX films, and won an AVN Award for her scene in the film *Cum On My Tattoo 3*. And no, I'm not kidding.

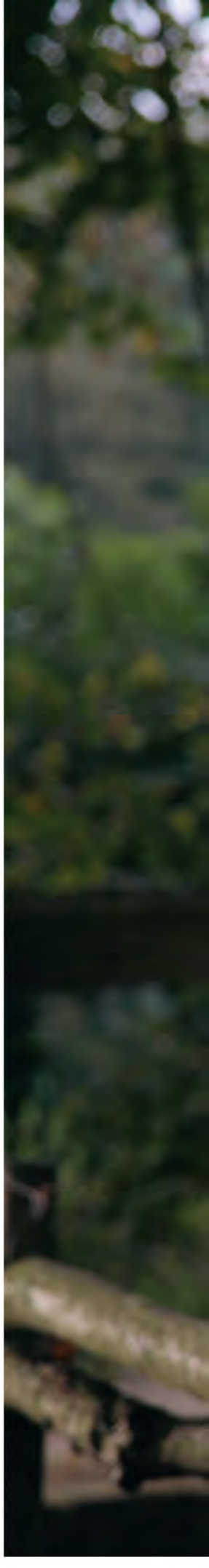
PRICKIPEDIA

THIS MONTH: THE BALLS EDITION

Testicles are the male equivalent of ovaries (which isn't something you want to be thinking about when you're emptying them all over hers)

Bollocks keep producing sperm from the onset of puberty right up until death (which pretty much goes to prove blokes are put upon this Earth for one and only one reason)

Gonads are six degrees cooler than the rest of the body, in order to efficiently produce jizz (which is pretty clever of evolution, even though it would have been nicer to have a slightly more protective sac)



PHOTOS: PDL MEDIA

OUTPHWOARS! ♣

Sonia's outdoor clothing: inappropriate!

We can't help but think that Sonia Red isn't properly attired for a ramble through the great British countryside. The weather could turn at any point and she'd find herself shivering like a shitting dog.

Where's the pakamac? The stout walking boots? The other stuff that people who can be arsed to walk about through twigs and leaves festoon themselves with? Okay, if she was togged up like Janet Street Porter then we wouldn't get to see the good stuff, but we're worried about the poor girl.

The best we can do is prepare a roaring fire, a tumbler of brandy and wait for her to get in so we can help warm her up. Maybe a roll in front of the fire not dissimilar to the one in *Women in Love* would help. But with just the one bloke, naturally.

News just in: Sonia says it was really warm when she did this photoshoot, and won't need warming up by the snug hands of *Club*. Shame. Any other cold glamour babes in the area, you know where we are. ♣

Sonia goes wild in the country at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

SONIA

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE

Giant's Weathered Knob Spells Romance

One of midtown Manhattan's favourite meeting spots for New Yorkers on their first date is Colombian artist Fernando Botero's 12-foot-high 'Adam' statue at the Time Warner Center. However, according to the centre's general manager, due to Adam's nudity and the fact that he stands amongst the pedestrians, maintaining him has become a major problem.

Most of Adam is dark brown but the readily-accessible penis is worn golden from extensive handling by naughty New Yorkers. One newspaper recently conducted a poll which concluded that the suggestion that a couple 'Hook up at the Botero' is a far less popular one than 'Let's rendezvous under the penis'.

Eating Out? No Thanks If It's Kippers

West Virginia Jackson County's sheriff's deputies, responding to a domestic-dispute call at the I-77 Motor Inn in Fairplain recently burst into a motel room to find a woman named Melissa Williams starkers from the waist down and brandishing a knife. There were two men in the room with her (one, her estranged husband, the other his best mate). Both men said Williams had threatened them. "Somebody," she suddenly shrieked, interrupting them, "is going to eat my pussy or I'm going to cut your fucking throat." The sheriff's report also recorded, somewhat colourfully, that as the deputies watched proceedings spellbound, the estranged husband's chum approached Melissa Williams and squatted, tongue out, to comply... only to be repelled, officers attested, by Williams' "horrible vaginal odour."

Assault with a deadly minge!

Melissa is currently serving 90 days in jail (for domestic assault and brandishing a deadly weapon, not having a rank fanny).

I.C.U.P.

When 34-year-old hospital pharmacy manager Leonardo Zoppa was summoned to a meeting with his hospital's security director in Wayne, New Jersey, he arrived looking frightened and anxious, demanded to know what the agenda of the meeting was and eventually blurted out that yes, he was the one who had set up "that secret surveillance camera" in the men's toilets to watch men urinate. He also volunteered the information that he may have "a problem".

After Zoppa's arrest, the bewildered security director said he was taken aback because the only purpose of the meeting was to advise Zoppa of routine security code changes.

Head Of State Knees Opponent In Nuts

Bolivia's president Evo Morales, the former union leader and cocoa farmer known for his love of tough political combat, is also a fanatical footballer who recently drew worldwide attention in the course of a supposedly friendly match between his cronies and a team headed by the mayor of capital city La Paz.

After absorbing a vicious foul five minutes into the contest which resulted in the plucky head of state sustaining a leg gash, President Morales confronted the offender and kneed him in the balls, then jogged away leaving the player howling on the ground, nursing his knackers.

Parting Shot

When a fox terrier lifted his leg and took a piss in the front garden of ultra-fastidious and notoriously belligerent home-owner Charles Clements (69) in Chicago, Clements confronted the dog's 23-year-old owner, Joshua Funches.

The argument led to mutual bravado, which continued even after Clements, a former Marine and a retired bus driver, pulled a gun. Funches, who had two children and another on the way, moved to continue on with his walk, but was shot dead by Clements immediately after remarking loudly (according to witnesses): "Next time you pull out a pistol, why don't you use it?"

Formula Devised For "Perfect Handshakes"

Researchers at the University of Manchester have proudly announced that they have devised a mathematical formula for the perfect handshake. Psychology professor Geoffrey Beattie, who pioneered the formula, explained: "Until now there has not been a guide showing people how they should shake hands." The Professor's work with handshakes incorporates 12 key measures, including firm wrists, strong grips, cool, dry palms, eye contact, and always employing three shakes.

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SASHA'S FOUR-PLAY!

TWO BRITS, TWO EUROS, TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

Anastasia and a giant outdoor jug! (No, us neither!)

Capri Anderson: The hardcore girl who rocked Charlie Sheen!

Marry Queen's oh-so-fuckable funbags!

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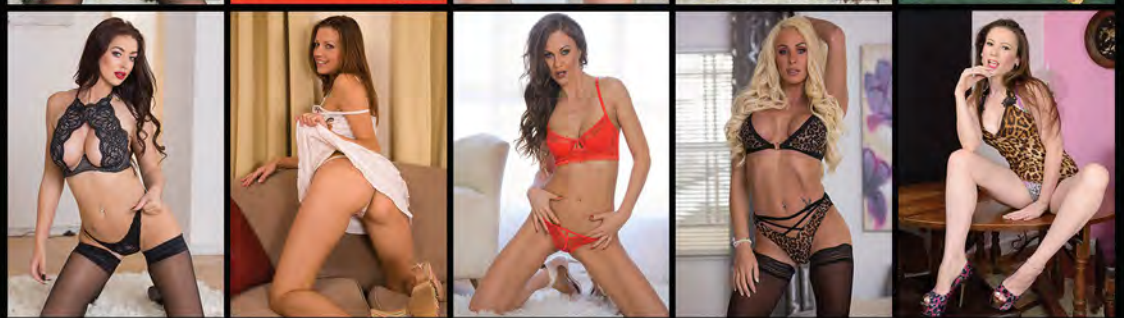

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